

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Ham.* Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,  
My father in his habit as he liu'd,  
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

*Ger.* This is the coynage of your braine,  
This bodilesse creation, extasie is very cunning in

*Ham.* My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,  
And makes as healthfull musick, it is not madnesse  
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,

And the matter will reword, which madnesse  
Would gambole from, Mother for loue of grace,  
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule  
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,

It will but skin and filme the vlceroous place,  
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within,  
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,  
Repent what's past, auoid what is to come,

And doe not spread the compost on the weeds  
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,  
For in the fatnesse of these purfitt times

Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

*Ger.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my hart in twaines.

*Ham.* O throw away the worser part of it,  
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,  
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,  
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,

That monster custome, who all sence doth eate:  
Of habits Deuill, is Angell yet in this

That to the vse of actions faire and good,  
He likewise giues a Frocke or Luerie

That aptly is put on to refraine night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse

To the next abstinence, the next more easie:

For vse almost can change the stamps of nature,  
And master the Deuill, or throw him out

With wondrous potencie: once more good night,

And when you are desirous to be blest,

Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord  
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so

## Prince of Denmark

To punish me with this, and  
That I must be their scourge  
I will bestow him and will  
The death I gaue him; so ag  
I must be cruell onely to be  
This bad begins, and worse  
One word more good Lady

*Ger.* What shall I doe?

*Ham.* Not this by no means  
Let the blowt King tempt y  
Pinch wanton on your cheek  
And let him for a paire of re  
Or padding in your necke w  
Make you to rouell all this  
That I essentially am not in  
But mad in craft, t'were good  
For who that's but a Queen  
Would from a paddack, fro  
Such deere conseruings hide  
No, in despite of sence and  
Vnpeg the basket on the hor  
Let the birds flie, and like th  
To try conclusions in the ba  
And breake your owne neck

*Ger.* Be thou assur'd, if w  
And breath of life, I haue no  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England,

*Ger.* Alack I had forgot.  
Tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* Ther's letters seal'd, & n  
Whom I will trust as I will A  
They beare the Mandate, the  
And marshall me to knaury  
Fortis the sport to haue the E  
Hoist with his owne petar, an  
But I will delue one yard bel  
And blow them at the Moon  
When in one line two crafts